G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. V.-NO. 20.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1851.

WHOLE NO. 228.

Mudley

TH NATIONAL ERA IS PUBLISHED WERELY, OR SEVENTS STREET, OFFORITE ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

TERMS.

Two dollars per annum, payable in advance.
Advertisements not exceeding ten lines inserted three
times for one dollar; every subsequent insertion, twenty-All communications to the Ena, whether on business

of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to G. BAILEY, Washington, D. C.

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS, Sixh street, a few doors south of Pennsylvania a renue.

### THE NATIONAL ERA. WASHINGTON, MAY 12, 1851.

For the National Era.

LIFE ON PRAIRIE DE LA FLEUR. - No. 12.

BY MARY IRVING.

A "FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION." " From every temple of the free A nation's song ascends to Heaven 93

What American heart does not take a quicker pulsation on the morning of "Independence Day ?" The urchins-the miniature men of the next generation-jump from their cribs to realize day-dreams of fire-crackers, torpedos, and a great noise in the world." Their enthusiasm usually exhales literally, as does that of their fathers too often figuratively, in smoke. Careful mammas awake in trembling for the consequences of the day; and not without reason, as the yearly increasing record of accidents testifies. Many are startled by this wanton risk of life and limb into an outcry against all celebration of the day. " Let it sink back into its old unmarked place in the it sink back into its old unmarked place in the calendar," say they; "its deed will remain with criticise his stitches; but no; there they stood as us not the less; for it is immortal-the deed of Liberty !"

Yes-and for that reason the day is immortal too. It rests not with rulers, nor yet with communities, to decide whether the Fourth of July shall be celebrated or not. It needs no proclamation like our annual Thanksgiving Day; nor can a State or city be cheated out of it by a misanthropic Governor one single year. It is graven on the heart of every man and woman who knows has heard or read of Revolutionary battles on his es!" school-bench, and is ready to toss up a little gunpowder as an earnest of the way " he would have served the regulars !"

There are some-their number is increasing in a rapid ratio, thank Heaven-to whom that sunrise recalls the shame of America as well as her glory; who remember with swelling hearts that

" While she boasts of Liberty, Neath Slavery's iron sway Three millions of her people lie On Independence Day !"

May He who gave her "a name to live" among the nations, crown that gift by a moral independence that shall wash every stain from her robes;

heads of the giddy public, substituted for the hashy frolics of old. Of these, "Sabbath School elebrations," as they are styled-though worn out of novelty in many parts of the Eastern States, and neglected or perverted in othershave yet been perhaps the most widely popular and the most useful. At "the West," they have not yet passed the zenith of their popularity; into our district, indeed-as I shall proceed to show-they have been but lately introduced.

The Sabbath School itself is a very differen thing, as it approaches the frontiers of civilization, from what it was when nestling within the walls reared by a religious and enlightened community. In New England, it is the satellite of the church; in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, to use a more appropriate figure) the foundation tone upon which the superstructure gradually rises-rude at first, but by degrees polished to s goodly temple." Those who, in the more favored portion of our States, contribute their miter to furnish our Sabbath Schools with the cheap libraries that are the " meat and drink " of their popularity, will measure the circle of vibration of ose little "coins cast into the treasury !"

will already have inferred, perhaps, from this long ligression, that ours was a "Sabbath School cele ration." One of those men who "go about doing good " to children had visited the little flock gathered into our Sabbath School a few months previously, and stimulated their young energies and imaginations by holding up the prospect of such a gathering as they had never yet witnessed upon the approaching Fourth of July, 184-, to holden in "Pic-nic Grove," close upon the

Of course, as it was quite "a new thing under the woods, when they heard their playmates boast of "the big meeting that was to be," began to think the Sabbath School something worthy of their consideration. Our class papers recorded quite an accession of such volunteers within a few reeks. Their motives certainly were not wholly unexceptionable, and some may look in censure upon anything which thus seizes upon the mind directly through the medium of the senses. I know that the principle and its practice may be carried too far. But what child first enters the labbath School from a sincere, unalloyed desire to earn the truth? I do not know that any of our bands of new recruits failed to report itself as regularly as its predecessors through the whole

The preparations for the grand day were various kinds. The mammas and aunts in general bestirred themselves in behalf of the juvenile appetites that were to be congregated, not to mention the elite of the county, whose scrutiny would scan the tables. An extraordinary demand was made upon the long arms of the windmill, and igs of "first quality flour" had a more rapid irculation than usual. Innumerable were the askets and pans of buns, biscuits, cookies, and ughnuts, (not to extend the catalogue of dainies through the alphabet,) that stood heaped in the scattered prairie cupboards on the evening previous to the all-important morn.

Preparations still more important to the honor f the prairie meanwhile had been going on in its nost thickly, or rather least thinly, settled disriet. As the place of rendezvous was several niles away, vehicles must be arranged, suitable to ransport the pride of the prairie in the style beming such an occasion. This, together with casoning the horses that were to have the honor laboring in our service, was the peculiar work

honored members, the wife of a wealthy landholder, whose spacious mansion offered ample elbow-room for the execution of the desired project. About half a dozen girls—being the number within a mile's distance that could be spared from cooking-stove and cake-baking—sat primly, with thimble and needle-book in hand, in conclave with so many of the prairie lads, any of whom (with one to-be-noted exception) could wield a pitchfork

with far more grace and effect than a needle. "Our flag" was the "order of the day." Its dimensions had been previously decided, and the necessary purchases of cloth, &c., intrusted to an able agent—none other than the pedagogue who able agent—none other than the pedagogue who was bearing brief sway in the log school-house. He was there of course, with his face in its most business-like trim. The great aim of the ambitious among us was to make our flag larger and more splendid than the flag of any other section. With this laudable end in view, the cloth was carefully divided into enormous strips, and the workers ranged themselves along opposite ends of a long room, stretching their work between them, and approaching with every stitch. The youths, meantime, whose ambitious anxiety would not allow them to tear themselves away from the scene of inaction, (to them.) after cracking stale jokes until they were tired, took up needles in very rostlessness, and made a bold intrusion into "woman's sphere." They met with no mercy of course in their bungling attempts.

"What glant stitches!" shouted one and another merry girl. "Oh! but it's all you gentlemen know about sewing!"

"I know something about it, please you!" as-

"I know something about it, please you!" as-serted a foreigner, who had hitherto kept himself quite aloof, coming forward to vindicate the in-sulted "rights of man." "Give me a needle

niss, if you please." "Will you take a thimble, sir ?" asked one, de-

murely.

"Not unless you have a big iron one, I thank you; I don't deal with playthings. Laugh on! you shall laugh the other way presently!"

And, seating himself on a low stool, he commenced whizzing the needle to the astonishmen

criticise his stitches; but no; there they stood as smooth and regular as a battalion of soldiers! The mystery was soon unfolded.

"Don't you ever tell a gentlemen he can't sew, or do anything else, again!" he said, triumphantly, yielding up his needle and seat to the former occupant. "I'll tell you how it is. You see, when we came over from the 'old country,' we set up that windmill yonder on the prairie. There

was scarce a house thereabouts standing then, and nobody to stitch the sails; so we boys just put to it, with big thimbles; and it was strongly they had to be joined, too, to brave the prairie what freedom is; and of every little child who winds and storms. That's my experience, miss-The flag was to bear simply the "stars and stripes" of olden date, with the name and motto of our Sabbath School. The stripes were already stamped upon the cloth; their twinkling companions existed as yet only in our imaginations. After the important needle-work was finished, the matter of filling the starless firmament of blue

cambric became more serious. cambric became more serious.

"Can naebody gie us the pattern of a star?"
anxiously asked the matron of the little company.
Quere—how many points ought it to have?
five, six, seven, or so on indefinitely? The
"school-master" ought to know, certainly; and
he confessed his ignorance to be culpable; but he
frowned, doubted, and finally shook his head.
Meanwhile several with scissors and paper were
attempting a practical elucidation of the problem,

that shall baptize her as the youngest, fairest-born of Liberty—the Queen of Earth!

Among the many safety-valves that have been devised for the "explosive patriotism" alluded to above, the most efficacious has been some celebration of a character solid anough to standy the vention" for once seemed likely to fail

"mother necessity."

"Give me the scissors!" said one of the youngest of the group, at last. "Have you a pair of compasses, Mrs. ——?" The article was an almost unheard-of one, but

pencil and cord were substituted for it. this, the circumference of the star was drawn divided, and cut, while the circle silently looked on. The pattern was passed to the tall peda gogue, who scrutinized it carefully, and finally solemnly pronounced the star of the young lady creation mathematically perfect in every point and entirely satisfactory. She accordingly was installed as the star-maker, if not "the star" of the evening. "Chaos" was soon transformed, and its stars pasted into their places. A discussion as to their number occupied some minutes. The narrow dimensions of the firmament, in propor-tion to the size of the orbs that brightened it, led

ion to the size of the orbs that brightened the party to give decision in favor of the "Old Thirteen." So the flag was fairly in trim for glory; and all went home to dream of Independ

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

### AGRICULTURE AND MECHANISM.

Below is No. 20 of the popular series of essays on Agricultural Geology, by Mr. Holbrook. The subject of this number is particularly appropriate at this season of the year, the opening of spring; especially so, both to schools and families at the "heart of the nation." "Caminers of Nature and Art." is the subject of this number. Most of the schools, and very many of the families, in Washington, have made a beginning in collecting specimens for their use. Some such collection are large and valuable. As nearly the whole country is represented by the residents of Washington, they can readily procure from their friends abroad a rich variety of specimens to increase their collections.

Great additional interest can be given to mine

rais by models of crystals made of pasteboard, by young hands, giving at the same time great skill in mechanism. In the public school in the charge of Mrs. Hinton we have witnessed a great variety of course, as it was quite "a new thing under the sun," and a country affair, it occasioned no little stir. Ragged children, who had never before thought of keeping the Sabbath, or of attending the church, any more than the "chip-munks" in the woods when they have been a present the stable of th

Drawing is a species of mechanism, and highly important to farmers—for mechanics indispensable; as the work in many shops is done entirely from drawings, no models being used. At the Agricultural Fairs, to be held next autumn, drawings of animals, plants, and implements used by farmers, will doubtless be furnished in large numbers and rich varieties, produced by young hands, both in schools and families, for that specific object. Agricultural societies, and school superintendents and trustees, have jointly recommended the measure. It cannot fail of being popular, in the largest sense of the word.—American Telegraph. gest sense of the word .- Am

## AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY. - NO. 20.

Schools gave the first impetus to geological surveys. The impetus thus given has led to legislative action for such surveys in almost every State in the Union. By such action the treasures of wealth and of science have been increased to an archemistry. unbounded extent. Thousands upon thousands of scientific collections have been made; hosts of scientific men have been raised up, now scattered over our whole country, and hidden treasures of wealth brought to view for the special benefit of farmers, and, directly or indirectly, of every American citizen.

The unparalleled progress made from such

humble beginnings, in the advancement of these two great national objects, science and wealth, renders the completion or further progress of the work easy and certain. The schools of the country, indeed of all countries, are certain to be furnished with Cabiners of Nature and Art, as nished with Cabiners of Nature and Art, as instruments of primary instruction; thus giving to young minds at their start after knowledge real substantial ideas, instead of the mere signs of ideas. As many thousand such collections have already been made by the pupils needing them, both at school and at home, by the sid of these, tens and hundreds of thousands will soon be added to the number. At least, a Cabiner of Aakicultural Geology must inevitably soon be placed in each of the hundred thousand of American and a calculation of the hundred thousand of American schools with all the statements.

of the lordlier sex. Both "young men and maidens," however, united their energies upon one point, the very climax of our would be glory, viz: the Mag which was to float in triumph over our prairie procession.

On that memorable afternoon, "pursuant to adjournment," the "Prairie Presbyterian Sewing Circle" (which included, I may remark in passing, many besides Presbyterians, and many who could better som than sew, as you shall see) met in extra session at the house of one of its most

tial or defective application of public funds pro-vided for their use. A step so certain to awaken general interest, and to enlighten the public mind, general interest, and to enlighten the public mind, could not fail to suggest some better mode, or to correct some defects in applying funds provided for all. Third, the development of mineral and other natural resources. Collections likely to be made within a week after receiving a cabinet, properly labelled, arranged, and described, must properly labelled, arranged, and described, must have a many times its cost. Discoveries would be happy greeting the assurance that all was a surance that all was

outlay, more cannot be needed. EXPERIMENTS — Some four years since, the pu-pils of the New York schools were requested by their Superintendent and Trustees to make collec-tions for their schools and their homes. Within three weeks from the time of that request, no less than fifteen thousand Family Museums were com-menced, each containing specimens showing the elements of mountains, rocks, and soils, with other natural and artificial curiosities. A similar request by Superintendents and Trustees of schools generally throughout the country must soon ren-der collections of nature and art among the most common, as they evidently would be among the most interesting, of household utensils.

#### For the National Era. OUR PILGRIM LIFE.

We're pilgrims-and the path of life No wilderness would be, If we would cast aside our strife And hollow mockery,

And scatter words of gentleness And holy deeds around, Like blossoms which shall brightly gleam Upon the verdant ground—

Made fragrant by the thoughts of love, Which like the dews of night Shall sparkle like the crystal, clear, In morning's golden light. Around us all ten thousand cords

Mysteriously are twined, Unseen as is the air we breathe, Yet binding mind to mind;

And every thought, and every tone, Upon those cords will thrill, With discord or with melody, Just as our spirits will. Then let us, in our pligrim life,

Touch lightly those strange strings And music wake in other hearts That share our journeyings.

### THE DARKENED CASEMENT.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

What lit your eyes with tearful power, Like moonlight on a falling shower? Who lent you, love, your mortal dower Of pensive thought and aspect pale, Your melancholy sweet and frail As perfume of the cuckoo flower !

Frederic Preston was the eldest son of a respectable merchant, in one of the most important man of fine personal appearance, a warm and honorable heart, and a spirit singularly brave and adventurous. From his boyhood his inclinations had led him to a sea-faring life, and at the age of twenty-six, when he is presented to the reader, he had already made several voyages to the East Ledica as supergraves in the employ of the house Indies, as supercargo in the employ of the house in which his father was a partner. He was now at home for a year, awaiting the completion of a vessel, which was to trade with Canton, and which

he was to command.

Preston had, for all his love of change and ad venture, a taste for literature—always taking a well-selected library with him on his long voya-ges—was even, for one of his pursuits, remarkable for scholarly attainments; yet, he sometimes wearied of books and study, and, as he had little taste for general society, often found the time drag heavily in his shore-life. Thus it was that he

heavily in his shore-life. Thus it was that he one day cheerfully accepted the invitation of his mother to accompany her to a school examination, in which his sister was to take a part.

Our young gentleman was shown a seat in front, near the platform on which were arranged the "patient pupils"—"beauties, every shade of brown and fair."

He grand about a the victorial of the control of the con

He gazed about rather listlessly for a while, but at length his attention became fixed on a young lady who stood at the black-board, proving with great elegance and precision a difficult proposition in Euclid. He was observing the admirable taste of her dress, the delicacy and willowy grace of her figure, when suddenly, while raising arm in drawing a diagram, a small comb of shell dropped from her head, and a rich mass of hair fell over her shoulders.

And such hair! it was wondrously luxuriant

not precisely curly, but rippling all through with small glossy waves, just ready to roll them-selves into ringlets, and of that particular, indescribable color between a brown and a bright

Preston, who felt that the possessor of such magnificent hair must be beautiful, waited impa-tiently for a sight at the face of the fair geometrician; but, without turning her head, she step-ped quietly back, took up the comb, quiekly re-arranged her hair, and went on with her prob-lem. It was not till this was finished, and she took her seat among the other pupils, that Preston had a full view of her face. He was more keenly disappointed than he would have acknowledged, when he saw only plainness, in place of the beauty he so confidently expected. Yet Dora Allen was by no means disagreeably plain; her features were regular and her complexion ex-tremely fair. She was only thin, wan, and somewhat spiritless in appearance. Her face was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" with thought her young eye seemed shadowed, her brow burdened. But there was a sweet and lovable spirit looking out from the depth of those dreamy eyes, and hovering about those quiet and almost coloriess lips, which told the observer that her rare intellectual attainments had not stood in the way of her simple affections, to hin-der their generous development. Frederic Preston liked Dora Allen's face

somewhat better as he regarded it more closely, and when, at the close of the exercises, this young lady was called forward to receive the highest honors of the institution—when she advanced timidly, and bowed modestly, to be crowned with a wreath of rose-buds and lilies of the valley, while a sudden flush kindled in her cheek, flowed into her quivering lips, and illuminated her whole

len was the most intimate friend of his sister Anna, from whom he soon ascertained that she was an orphan, within a few years past, adopted by an uncle, a clergyman of the place—that she was about eighteen—of an amiable, frank, and noble disposition, yet chiefly distinguished for her fine, intellectual endowments and studious

already anticipates—the love and marriage of Frederic Preston and Dora Allen. I will not Frederic Preston and Dora Allen. I will not dwell on the sad parting scenes, when, within six months from "the happiest day of his life," Captain Preston set sail for Canton, his brave spirit strangely cast down, the once gay light of his eyes quenched in tears, and with a long trees of rich auburn hair lying close against his heart.

On account of some business arrangements which he was to make at Canton, he must be absent somewhat more than two years. He dewhich he was to make at Canton, he must be absent somewhat more than two years. He desired greatly to take his young wife with him, but feared, from knowing her delicate organization, that she could not endure the voyage. He left her in a pretty cottage-home, which he himself had fitted up for her, in sight of the harbor. Dora had living with her a widowed elder sister, whose society and assistance were much comfort to her, in her otherwise most lonely lot.

Among the many letters which Captain Preston received from his loving and constant wife during his absence, there was one which he read with peculiar joy — with tears of grateful emotion. For this was not alone from the bride of his bosom, but from the mother of his child. Thus wrote Dora: wrote Dora:
"Our boy is four weeks old to-day, and my

more universal on either continent than the par-tial or defective application of public funds pro-blance to you, dearest. He has your fine olive complexion, your large black eyes, and dark, curling hair. I call him Frederic, and have great

amount to many times its cost. Discoveries would her happy greeting the assurance that all was also be made, not unfrequently, of rich ores, usealso be made, not unfrequently, of rich ores, useful minerals, and beautiful gems, furnishing valuable resources to farmers, mechanics, and artists.

Fourth, the advancement of farming interests. No one step could probably meet so directly or so effectually the desire now common among farmers for agricultural science. Every farmer, still better, farmers' sons, might be put in a way to analyze their own soils, and directed to the most available resources, and the best modes of improving them. To these four advantages certain to arise from cabinets of agricultural for schools, many others might be added; they are each of these must exceed many times the cost of the outlay, more cannot be needed.

well. With his heart on his lips, he softly stole up to Dora's favorite room, a pleasant chamber which looked out on the sea. He entered and reached her bed-side unheard. She was yet sleeping, and Frederic observed that her hair had escaped from her pretty muslin cap, and was floating over her neck and bosom—then looking closer, he saw peeping through it two mischievous black eyes—a pair of bright, parted lips—a rosy, chubby, dimpled little face—yes, caught his first view of his infant boy through a veil of the mother's beautiful hair. Then, with a light laugh, he bent down, and clasping them both, calling their names, and artists.

> CHAPTER II. -"I see her now-I kneel-I shrick-I clasp her vesture—but she fades, still fades; And she is gone; sweet human love is gone! 'Tis only when they spring to Heaven that angels Reveal themselves to you."

From that time the voyages of Captain Preston were not so long as formerly, and he often spent many months, sometimes a year or two, with his family. He frequently spoke of resigning his sea-faring life altogether, but was ever concluding that set out on what he intended and promised his family should be his last voyage. He was at this time the father of three children; the son, of whom we have spoken, a healthful, high-spirited boy; and two daughters, Pauline and Louise—the first greatly resembling her father, the second very like the mother.

The germ of a moore integer of destiny?

"Yet, Frederic has some faults, clear even to my sight. I think him too ambitions of mere greatness, of distinction as an end, rather than as the means of attaining some higher good. Teach him, dear husband, that such ambition is but a sold intellectual selfishness, or a fever thirst of

der than tears, he trusted that the coming summer would bring her health and more cheerful

embraced his children, and rushed from the house. He heard his name called in a wild, pleading voice, yet he dared not dook back, but ran down the long garden-walk, and paused not till he had reached the road. He lifted his eyes to that pleas"I have seen with joy that Frederic has an ut-

had he looked forward to reaching port with

their course, and kept them beating about, so that for some days they made no headway. One night— it was a Sabbath night—Captain Preston, completely exhausted, flung his cloak around him, and threw himself down on the cabin-floor for a little rest, for he could not lie in his berth. It was full midnight—his eyes closed heavily at once—he was fast falling into sleep, when he thought he heard his name called very softly, but in a tone which pierced to the deeps of his heart. He look-ed up, half raising himself, and Dora was before ed up, half raising himself, and Dora was before him? Yes, his own Dora, it seemed, with her own familiar face, still sweet and loving in its looks, though it seemed strangely glorified by the shining forth of a soft, inward light. Again she spoke his name, drew nearer, and bent down, as though to kiss his forehead. He did not feel the pressure of her lips, but he looked into the eyes above him—her own dear eyes, and read there a mournful, unspeakable tenderness—a divine intensity, an eternity of love. He reached out his arms and called her name aloud; but she glided, faint smiling, from his fond embrace—the blessed vision faded, and he was alone—alone in the dim cabin of a storm-rocked vessel, with the tempest shriekof a storm-rooked vessel, with the tempest shrick-ing through the cordage, with the black heights of a midnight heaven above, and the blacker

depths of a boiling sea below.

Frederic Preston did not sleep that night. In spite of all the efforts of his reason, his heart was racked with anxiety, or oppressed with a mortal

In the course of the following day the storm abated, and they afterwards crowded all sail for land; yet it was a week ere they cast anchor in harbor. It was ten c'clock at night, and harbor. It was ten o'clock at night, and Captain Preston was immediately rowed to shore. Without waiting to speak to any one, he hurried up the road towards his cottage. As he drew near the bend in the road, by the clump of pines, he said to himself that if all were well at home, there would surely be a light shining from that window of Dora's chamber looking out on the sea. But as he came in full view, he paused, and dared not look up, while the thick, high beating of his heart seemed almost to suffocate him. At last, chiding himself for this womanish weakness, he raised his eyes—and all was dark!

raised his eyes—and all was dark!

He hardly knew how after this he made his He hardly knew how after this he made his way up the garden walk, to the cottage, nor how, when finding it all closed, he still had strength to go on to his father's house, where he was received with many tears, by his parents, his sisters, and his children. The deep mourning dress of the whole sad group told of itself the story of his desolation. For some time, he neither spoke nor wept, but supported by his father, and leaning his head on his mother's breast, he swayed back and forth, while his deep, incessant groans shook his strong frame, and burdened all the air about him.

Finally, in a scarce audible voice, he asked:

"When did she go, mother?"

"Last Sunday, near midnight, my son."

"Thank God, it was she, then! I saw her last!

She came to me—her blessed angel came to bid

not die with thee, Dora, Dora !" Then with a light over his face, which

Mrs. Preston, who, as we have said, had ever been fragile and delicate, had at last died of a rapid decline. She had been confined to her room but a few weeks, and to her bed scarcely a room but a few weeks, and to her bed scarcely a day. She passed away with great tranquillity of spirit, though suffering much physical pain. Her children were with her at the last, and her patience, serenity, and holy resignation, seemed to repress the passionate outbursts of their childish grief till all was over.

It was not until some time had passed that Captain Preston felt himself able to open a large package placed in his hands by his mother, and which Dora had left for him—sealed up and directed with her own hand, the very day before she died.

At length, seeking his own now desolate home, and shutting himself up in that dear familiar chamber, with the pleasant window looking out on the sea—there where he had seen her last where she had breathed out her pure spirit-where her form had lain in death-there he lifted his heart to God for strength, kissed the seal and broke it. Before him lay a rich mass of dark au-burn hair—Dora's beautiful hair! With a low cry, half joy, half pain, he caught it, pressed it to his lips and heart, and bedewed it with his abundant tears. Suddenly he observed that those long, bright treases were wound about a letter— a letter addressed to him in Dora's own familiar hand. He sank into a seat, unfolded the precious missive, and read—what we will give in the chap-

> CHAPTER III. Karth on my soul is strong-too strong-Too precious is its chain, All woven of thy love, dear friend,

" A little while between our hearts The shadowy gulf must lie. Yet have we for their communing Still, still eternity."
THE LETTER.

"Frederic, my dearest—pride of my heart—love of my youth—my husband! A sweet, yet His sustaining Spirit, and I fear no evil.

"And now, physhand, before I go, let me the sustaining Spirit, and bloom you for all your tenderiness and the system of the sustaining Spirit, and the system of the sustaining Spirit, and I fear no evil. which you may not read until my voice is hushed in the grave-till the heart that prompts is cold and pulseless-till the hand that traces is mouldering into dust. Yes, I am called from you-from our children-and you are not near to comfort me with your love in this dark season. But I must not add to your sorrow by thus weakly in-dulging my own. Though it may not be mine to feel your tender hand wiping the death-dew from my brow—though I may not pant out my soul on your dear breast, nor feel your strong, unfailing love sustaining me as I go—yet I shall not be all forsaken, nor grope my way in utter darkness; but, leaning on the arm of our Redeemer, descend

into the valley of the shadow of death."

"And now, dearest, I would speak to you of our children, our children, of whose real characters it has happened that you know comparatively little. I would tell you of my hopes and wishes concerning them—would speak with all the mournful caracstness of a dying mother, knowing that we can well understand the ministry can be at that you can well understand the mighty care at

my heart.
"There is Frederic, my 'summer child,' our life to be spared, my work in his education were now nearly done. I have had much happiness in remarking his talent, his enthusiasm, his fine physical organization, his vigorous health, his "And no he was not yet in a situation to render the step a prudent one for his business interests. Finally, when he had been about fifteen years married, he set out on what he intended and promised his set out on what he intended and promised his

like the mother.

Captain Preston was pained to leave his gentle

Captain Preston was pained to leave his gentle

wife looking paler and more thin than usual, and to
observe, for she said nothing of it, that she was
troubled with a slight cough. Yet he was of a

troubled with a slight cough. Yet he was of a

the montal spirit should here seek honor and
the immortal spirit should here seek honor and
wealth only as means and aids in fulfilling the most hopeful spirit, and even as he heard her low voice, and saw her faint smile, so much sadposes of our being: to do good—simple good—to leave beneficent 'footprints on the sands of time'—to plant the heaven-flower, happiness, in spirits.

Mrs. Preston had usually a remarkable control over her painful emotions, and was peculiarly calm in all seasons of trial; but at this partial words, which shall be translated into action, in words, which shall be translated into action, in a seasons of trial; but at this partial words, which shall be translated into action, in a seasons of trial; but at this partial words, which shall be translated into action, in a seasons of trial; but at this partial words, which shall be translated into action, in a seasons of trial; but at the partial words, which shall be translated into action, in a seasons of trial; but at the partial words, which shall be translated into action, in a seasons of trial; but at this partial words, which shall be translated into action, in a seasons of trial; but at this partial words, which shall be translated into action, in a seasons of trial; but at this partial words, which shall be translated into action, in the seasons of trial; but at this partial words, which shall be translated into action, in the seasons of trial; but at this partial words, which shall be translated into action, in the seasons of trial; but at this partial words, which shall be translated into action, in the seasons of trial; but at this partial words, which shall be translated into action. calm in all seasons of trial; but at this parting she clung long and closely about her husband's neek—it seemed that she could not let him go. She ever earnestly sought to inspire—a hearty devoneck—it seemed that she could not let him go. She ever earnestly sought to inspire—a hearty devo-buried her face in his bosom, and wept and sobbed tion to the right—a fervent love of liberty—a in irrepressible anguish.

At last, unwinding her fond arms, he resigned her, half-fainting, to the care of her sister, hastily ing palm-branches, or forsaken, denied, and cru-cified. Teach him to honor his own nature by a

reached the road. He lifted his eyes to that pleasant window looking out on the sea, and there stood Dora, weeping and waving her slender white hand. He drew his cap over his eyes, turned again, and hastened down to the harbor.

During this last absence, Captain Preston received but one letter from his wife—but this was very long—a sort of journal, kept through the spring and summer succeeding his departure. In all this, though Dora wrote most pleusantly of home affairs, and very particularly of the children, she made no mention of the state of her own health, and this he knew not whether to regard as matter of assurance or apprehension.

At length he was on his homeward voyage—was fast approaching his native shores. Never

ness, a type of true manhood. ful girl, with a good, though by no means a great intellect. She has a dangerous dower in her rare beauty, and I pray you, dear Frederic, teach her not to glory in that perishing gift. She is not, I fear, utterly free from vanity, and she is sometimes arrogant and wilful. I have even seen her show a consciousness of her personal advantages toward her less-favored sister. You will seek to check this imperiousness, to subdue this will-but not with severity, for, with all, Pauline is warm-hearted and generous. You know that she is tall for her age, and is fast putting away childish things. It will not be long now before as a young lady she will enter society. I surely need not charge you to be ever near her—to watch well lest a poor passion for dress and a love of admiration invade and take possession of her mind, lowering her to the heartless level of fashionable life; to teach her to degrise fasticears and for to teach her to despise flatterers and fops - to shrink from the ostentatious, the sensual, the pro-fane, the scoffing and unbelieving. I feel assured that you will imbue her spirit with your own reverence for honest worth, and your own noble enthusiasm for truth and the right—an enthusism never levelier than when it lights the eye and

glows on the lips of a lovely woman.

"For my daughter Louise, our youngest, I have most anxiety, for she seems to have inherited my own physical delicacy, and has moreover an in-tense affectionateness and a morbid sensibility, which together are a misfortune. Dear husband, deal gently with this poor little girl of mine, for to you I will confess that at this hour she lies nearest my heart. Her whole nature seems to overflow with love for all about her, but the sweet waters are ever being embittered by the feeling that she is not herself an object of pride, scarcely of affection, to us. She is very plain, you know—
yet, look at her, she is not ugly—her plainness is
that of languor and ill health. Poor Louise is seldom well, though she never complains, except
mutely, through her pallor and weakness. She
also inherits from me an absorbing passion for
reading and study, and perhaps you will think it strange in me when I call upon you, earnestly en-treat you, to thwart and overcome this, if possi-ble—not forcibly, nor suddenly, but by substituting other pleasures and pursuits-thus turning

the current of her thoughts.

"Though I do not remember to have ever been "Though I do not remember to have ever been very strong, yet I do not think that I had at the first any disease in my constitution. Yet what was the course pursued in my training? It was unfortunately discovered that I was a genius, and so I was early put to study—my young brain stimulated into unhealthy action, the warm blood driven from my cheek and lip, the childish light quenched in my eye, by a thoughtful and sedentary life. I wasted long bright mornings over books, when I should have been riding over the hills, or frolicking with the waves - rambling through the healthful pine woods, or fishing from through the healthful pine woods, or naming from the rocks, inhaling the invigorating ocean breezes. And sweet evenings, instead of strolling abroad in the summer moonlight, I sat within doors, alone, wrapt in deep, vague reveries; and on winter nights I read and wrote, or pored over Euclid, or Virgil, in my close, dull chamber, instead of join-ing the laughing, chatting circle below, mingling

in the dance and merry game.

"Yet, it was not alone my passion for study which prevented me from taking that vigorous exercise, and indulging in those out-door amusefeminine delicacy carefully inculcated and wrought into my character. I have since seen their folly, but too late. Habit and old as tions were too strong for the new principles.

"Ah, had my early training been different—had I been suffered to remain a child, a simple, natural child, through the appointed season of childhood—had my girlhood been more free and childhood—had my girlhood been more free and careless, less proper, and studious, and poetic—I might now have been in my happiest season, the prime of a rich and useful life. But as it is, now, when my husband is at last returning home for his life-rest—when my son is soon to take his first step into the world—when my daughters need me not pursue her mother's mistaken course — does not re-live her mother's imperfect existence. Take her out into the fields, on to the beach teach her to ride, to row, to clamber, to fear neither sunshine nor rain-let fresh air in upon "Your own dear mother has promised to take home our children when I am gone, and have

home our children when I am gone, and have charge of them, with your consent, for some years to come. The education of our daughters you should direct, for you alone know plans and wishes. As to their marriage, that seems so far in the future that you will scarcely expect me to speak on the subject. I can only say, dearest, teach our children, in the coming years, never to be content with a union which promises less of love, harmony, and trust, than have made the blessedness of ours."

to you, for my hours are indeed few. I think I their duties as censors of the book press. The may not see another morning on earth. I have of late suffered much about midnight, from extreme difficulty of breathing, and something tells be sternly discountenanced by the fraternity. It me that I shall not survive another such season.

"And now, my husband, before I go, let me thank and bless you for all your tenderness and patience toward me, in the years gone by. And, oh! let me implore you not to sorrow too bitterly when I am dead. We have been very happy in one snother's love, and in our children-our children still left to you. Can you not say, 'blessed be the name of the Lord?'
"I enclose with this my hair, just severed from

my head. I remember to have often heard you say that you might never have loved me but for this happy attraction—my one beauty. I desired my sister to cut it for you, and she tried to do so, but the seissors fell from her hand, and she went out, sobbing bitterly. Then I looked around with a troubled expression, I suppose, on our Fred-eric. He understood it, came at once to my side,

eric. He understood it, came at once to my side, and calmly, though with some tears, cut from the head of his dying mother this sad legacy for his poor absent father. Is he not a noble boy?

"I will not say to you, farewell forever, for I know your living faith in God, who will bring us home, where there shall be 'no more pain, nor sorrow, nor crying.' And, Frederic, if it be permitted, I will see you once more, even here. To me it seems that my leave would find you where. bright-eyed, open-browed boy, almost all we could desire in a son. I resign him into your hands with much joy pride, and hope. Even were my and that my freed spirit would seek you firstover the deep, through night and tempest, cleaving your way to its side. But as Heaven willeth,

"And now, farewell! best and dearest, fare well! My beloved — my beloved! Oh, that I could compress into human words the divine measure of the love which glows and yearns in my heart at this hour! That love the frost of death cannot chill, the night of the grave cannot

# PRESS OF OUR COUNTRY TO AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The Periodical Press the Censor of the Book Press. A just devotion of the secular press to National Literature would not tend to obliterate the distinctions now obtaining of political, commercial, agricultural, and family newspapers, would not doubly qualify them for their respective secular spheres; it would redeem them from coarseness and scurrility; it would elevate indefinitely the entire secular press; it would dignify the details gious writers, who seem to be thoroughly possess.

and now "the main haunt and region of her sophic disquisition, and even of her eloquence, are the book, the magazine, and the periodic sheet. Libraries and reading-rooms are the repositories of Literature; bookstores and publishing establishments are the exponents of its progress and its profits. The thinker is in league with the printer. The productions of learning and genius are contracted for in advance by the tradesmen of the steam press; and not unfrequently the first instalments are paid before the literary Minervas have leaped from the fertile brain of authorship. The mass oration, the senatorial speech, the legal argument, the judicial decision, the pulpit discourse, is telegraphed, printed, and read, almost before it has ceased to be pronounced. The facility of printing, the cheapness of books the multiplicity of readers of divers tastes and demands, have stimulated every species and grade of talent, and turned all intellectual activity into the channel that flows with ink. He that ima gines, or feels, or reasons, or dreams, must invoke the modern genii, the pen and the press. He that muses poetically, or retrospects historically

or investigates scientifically, or ponders ethically, or studies philosophically, you may depend upon it, is getting ready to appear in black and white Who may not write? and who that writes may not find publishers and puffers ? The press, by its prodigious enterprise, and by the powerful incentives it has furnished, has done no inconsiderable evil to Literature. It has crowded the literary profession-if that may be called profession which shape or form, system or rule, has none in our country-with numberless adventurers, eager to see themselves in print, and intent upon attracting notice, or upon getting gain, but as regardless of the interests of Literaure as they are ignorant of its principles. It has tempted some to venture upon authorship prematurely, others to write with fatal haste, and others to write too much. It has fostered a speothers to write too much. It has fostered a spe-cies of light literature, discissimed alike by good morals and good taste, yet adapted to the de-praved appetites of multitudes of readers. It has degraded the standards of criticism. It has swept away the landmarks of taste as by a flood. It has silenced the demand for excellence, by raising a clamor for abundance. It has cheapened literature about in the ratio that it has cheapened books. But these are temporary evils. etters is to emerge. The press has encumbered literature by its virgin luxuriance, and its un-

regulated issues. The press must itself be regu-ated. But what shall regulate the press? I am swer, the periodical press must regulate the book press. Here is the first relation to be noticed, of the secular periodical press to our National Lite-rature. It is the relation of critic of books. This s the province of the periodical press, in the naure of the case, and by common consent. The be trusted with that task. Authors and publishers recognise this function as belonging to the pe ers recognise this function as beinging to the periodical press, and accordingly employ various expedients to propitiate editors. This responsibility of the periodical press with regard to books, respects its province of advertiser as well as that of critic. In both these capacities it is bound to be faithful to literature. An advertisement of a be faithful to literature. An advertisement of a new publication is itself a virtual endorsement of it; and as the sworn sentinels of our infant lite-rrature, the periodicals of this day ought to have a standing rule, (which no journal ought to dis-regard with impunity.) not to advertise a book of a bad literary character. Let such books die, without benefit of the news press; they can be easily spared. If their authors have any literary merit in them, such a "sound letting-aloue" will be likely to bring it out. The critical department is more influential, and demands more at-tention in these observations. The destiny of a new poor book lies mainly with the periodicals. A condemnatory notice from a single leading pa-per is almost certain death to a book, unless it have vital merit sufficient to pass the ordeal of eventually from severe handling. Let the period-ical press become extensively homogeneous in taste, and congenial in devotion to literature, and indifferent books would fall from the publishers should direct, for you alone know plans and wishes. As to their marriage, that seems so far in the future that you will scarcely expect me to speak on the subject. I can only say, dearest, teach our children, in the coming years, never to be content with a union which promises less of love, harmony, and trust, than have made the blessedness of ours."

"I wrote the foregoing, dear Frederic, more than two weeks ago; and now I must say farewell than two weeks a

course of some editors in indiscriminately puffing every book that is laid on their tables, ought to is even reported that some editors are in the habit of puffing, or, as the fancy may take them, of censuring, books which they have scarcely taken the trouble to look into! There would seem to be some foundation for this rumor; for it does not seem possible for one man to read carefully and critically one-half the books which are weekly or daily noticed by our journalists, even should he have nothing else to do; and at the same time most editors have too much to do besides, if done well to admit of their reading at all. Here is well, to admit of their reading at all. Here is something radically unsound in the present editorial system; the papers suffer from it much, literature more. This subject shall be investigated hereafter. A laudatory notice of a work not rend, is of course worthless in itself, though it may put money in the purse of the trade, and give a temporary celebrity to the writer; but at the same time it is a cruel wrong to literature, as much so as a condemnatory notice under the same circumstances would be to the author and publisher. The want of principle on this point is amazing and humiliating. There are but few papers whose opinion of a new book has much claim to respect, simply because there are so few conductors of periodicals who read before they review a work. It is to be feared we have not a few initiation of this emission and the provided that emissions are the provided to the provided that the provided the provide few imitators of that eminent critic, Dr Johnson, who, while assuming to be the exponent of the canons of criticism, and the arbiter of books, sel-

dom read one through.

The present system of critical notices is discreditable to the periodical press. Even the few papers that pretend to be discriminating and independent, occasionally defer too much in their notices of books to the reputation of the authors. It is not long since, induced by the favorable no-tice of an Eastern (religious) paper of the first rank, distinguished for the ability and fearless-ness of its criticisms, I purchased a new work from the pen of a respectable divine of an Eastdeath cannot chill, the night of the grave cannot quench. It is bound up with the immortal life of my soul—it shall live for thee in the heavens, and be thy eternal possession there.

"May God comfort thee in thy loneliness, my love, my husband.

"Again, again farewell! Now, indeed, the bitterness of death is past. And yet, once more, farewell!

THY DORA."

TOT THE NATIONAL BEA.

OBLIGATIONS OF THE SECULAR PERIODICAL

PRESS OF OUR COUNTRY TO AMERICAN a supervision of books. Bad books can never

a supervision of books. Bad books can never make a good literature. Let bad books be pro-scribed by the press, and we shall have good books written. There are multitudes of books produced whose authors seek, in preface or advertise ment, to propitiate favor by disclaiming all pre-tensions to literature. Very rarely such works deliterary qualities. Authors are indifferent judges of the literary merits of their own productions, divert them from their appropriate objects, nor and still less qualified are they usually to decide convert them all into literary journals. It would that their books have other excellences sufficient is a good reason for condemning them, nor should the sacredness of their subjects, or the benevo song," of her historic narrative, of her philo-sophic disquisition, and even of her eloquence, are the book the magazine and the periodic sheet greater occasion therefore for recommitting them to the hands of their authors, with instructions to recast them in the approved moulds of literature.

If the hundreds of secular presses throughout our land were faithful to their obligations in particular, if each paper had a faithfully and ably conducted critical department, the era of American Literature would be hastened. If every paper were required, by the sentiment of the reading public, to maintain such a department, there would be fewer papers, as well as fewer books, and Literature would be doubly blessed. The standard of editorial fitness would be far higher than it now is, and our periodical literature would be sensibly improved.

# APPOINTMENT OF POSTMASTERS - FACTS.

Let me now give some facts illustrative of the

tatements in my last.
There are in Ohio, as per last "Blue Book one thousand four hundred and forty-eight post offices I select one of these located on the Western Re are (by some authorities) only seven offices on the which afford a greater revenue to the Department It was established in 1832. It has had six Postasters; one, who held the office two years, was the choice of the people; all the others were appointed without consulting, and against the wish of the people. No one of the five did or could have obtained a respectable minority vote at the time of his appointment. Three of the five were imported from abroad expressly for the office, and all were appointed by the influence of men living abroad, for the very honorable purpose of rewarding favorites or punishing enemies. The first two were very illiterate men; they were altogether incompetent to ordinary business details. together incompetent to ordinary business details. They were obliged to have others to keep their accounts and make their "returns." One was imported—both were appointed by foreign influence, but without any particular notice from the people. In their case, there was probably no re-

nonstrance.
In 1841 there was a change in the politics of the Administration at Washington. Then the third man, the choice of the people, was appointed it should be said, however, that he was appointed by the out-going Administration. And, doubtless, that is the only reason why the wishes of the people were heeded in this instance.

Since then, when there was a change expected,

Since then, when there was a change expected, the people have regularly elected a man in open public meeting, and earnestly requested his appointment, and as earnestly remonstrated against the appointment of any and everybody clse, but with no effect. The candidates were chosen abroad, and the people had only the consolation of being told to "help themselves if they could." Of these three, two were imported. Neither had a single vote of the people. The other was a citizen, and had six votes out of one hundred and forty-three, the number cast at the public meeting. By voting their choice, by petitions, by remon-By voting their choice, by petitions, by remon-strances, and by appeals to the throne, and to "the power behind the throne," all vigorously prose-cuted, the citizens have tried to get such men ap-

his own private affairs.
The office has almost always been closed several of the common business hours of the day and, pretty uniformly, it is closed at an earlier and, pretty uniformly, it is closed at an earlier hour in the evening than are the stores and shops in the village. This is often a great hindrance and annoyance, especially to those who live in the country, and who come into town in the evening; as also to those who live near, when, as is the case a part of the year, the mail arrives at a late hour in the day. It is often closed as soon as those are served who may be waiting the mail's arrival. During some hours of the day, there is a crowd of murmuring people, waiting for the office to open. Many, many hours are

daily lost in this way.

These last incumbents have been so unaccommodating as to be termed "cross" and "crabbed" men. Sometimes their acts have been positively outrageous; but, more commonly, they have been such little, petty, mean, vexatious acts, as to render intercourse with them very annoying. der intercourse with them very annoying.

These things, the closing of the office, and the lack of reasonable accommodation in their official intercourse, have caused more heart-burnings and more general complaints than anything else.

THE POURTH PAGE!